

A Tough Story.—Talk not of tough stories in Yankee newspapers, after reading the following from a St. Petersburg journal: "A returned traveller from the North tells me of a curious mode they have in Siberia, of procuring the skin of a Sable. Their fur is at the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to winter, armed with a pitcher of water, and some caribou meat. He deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground. On which, descending from his elevated position with incredible rapidity, his pursuer, with a sharp knife, cuts off the frozen tail. The Sable, from the excess of pain, takes an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and his tail being fast to the ground, out of his skin of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter! Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animal, my friend told me that he could not have believed it, had he not frequently observed it himself."

the matter?" says the traveller, "I won't put a man in one of those beds." "No," can come here. Please put the bed in the," says he. "That won't answer the purpose," said the host: "I don't wish to put the into the bill: I want to put Bill into the bed." That's a pleasant, homely sort of thing a man lives in the mill, and the host, the boatman, now venturing to put in him: "Tother day he was to Newport, when went and strod down onto the piazza. Bim he sees a feller a-sitting near, whom he knew by reputation. Says the doctor to him, 'he.' Did you ever see a man round here? Jo Annis? I believe he lives in these parts." "Hey? says the feller, a-pickin' up his hat. Do you know such a man?" "Why he." "Because," replies the other, "that he that he wanted to marry a girl in our town but she wouldn't have him, because he's a poor drunken devil. He's made love to great many, and nobody won't have him. He's out at elbows, and out o' puss, an' o' character. More than that, they says he's a liar, an' nobody believes a word he says." "It's a gray-bald," he'll holler at the innocent creature: "I'm the individual." It would-a tickled you to see the little rimple in the doctor's cheek while he was plaguin' that man!—and afterward he stroked him down, beside giv him advice about a ailment he had."

SACK SALT.
300 sacks. For sale by O. HOLME

Also, for sale, a comfortable DWELLING
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August 24, 1843—[50-1s

July 3, 1849—[47-4t
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Also, Bristol and Perforated Boards.
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July 27, 1849—[46-15]

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